

Production No. 7F04

The Simpsons

"TREE HOUSE OF HORROR"

Written by

Jay Kogen & Wallace Wolodarsky

and

John Swartzwelder

and

Sam Simon & Edgar Allan Poe

Created by

Matt Groening

Developed by

James L. Brooks

Matt Groening

Sam Simon

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20TH CENTURY FOX TELEVISION  
10201 W. Pico Boulevard  
Los Angeles, California 90035

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"TREE HOUSE OF HORROR"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER  
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH  
MOVING MAN.....JAMES EARL JONES  
HOUSE.....HARRY SHEARER  
KANG.....HARRY SHEARER  
KODOS.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
SERAK THE PREPARER.....JAMES EARL JONES  
V.O.....JAMES EARL JONES  
RAVEN.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

TREE HOUSE OF HORROR

BY

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and  
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

STAGE CURTAIN - COLD OPENING

Marge steps out from behind a curtain and addresses the audience.

MARGE

(CLEARING HER THROAT) Hello, everyone.  
You know, Halloween is a very strange holiday. Personally, I don't understand it. Kids worshipping ghosts, pretending to be devils, and things on T.V. that are completely inappropriate for younger viewers. Things like the following half hour. Nothing seems to bother my kids, but tonight's show, which I totally wash my hands of, is really scary, so if you have sensitive children, maybe you should tuck them into bed early tonight, instead of writing us angry letters tomorrow.

FADE OUT.

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

Short scary version of the Simpsons Main Title. It is raining, lightning flashes. **THUNDER ROARS.** **MUSIC:** a scary, dirge-like, organ version of the Simpsons' theme. A **BLACK CAT SCREECHES**, a shutter **BANGS**, some **RATS** scurry. We see lit Jack O' Lanterns and candles burning inside windows. We go past the Springfield Cemetery, past the tombstones (reading: Ishmael Simpson; Ezekiel Simpson; Cornelius V. Simpson; Garfield; Elvis; Erwin Rommel, desert fox and loving husband) through to the Simpsons' house. There is a dilapidated tree house in one of the scary trees. Lamplight glows from within. We see a big ghost walking up to the treehouse. He pulls off his hood and we see it's **HOMER** in a sheet. He looks into a big paper bag he is carrying, shakes it, and we hear **RUSTLING** of tons of candy.

**HOMER**

(TO HIMSELF) Oooo! What a haul this year. I love Halloween.

We see Homer look up at the treehouse.

**HOMER**

Heh, heh. Wait a minute. Let's see what the kids are up to.

He climbs up the ladder. We **PULL IN** on the tree house.

**CLOSE ON - TREE HOUSE**

Bart, Lisa and Maggie sit on the ground, Indian style. Lisa is holding a flashlight under her face.

**LISA**

... and the policeman on the other end of the phone said, "We have traced the call. It is coming from the floor below you. Get out of the house!" But it was too late. End of story.

BART

Yawn. I heard that when I was in the  
third grade. It's not scary.

LISA

Is too.

BART

Is not.

LISA

Is too.

BART

Is not.

LISA

Is too.

BART

Is not.

LISA

Fine. Then you tell one scarier.

BART

Flashlight, please.

Lisa hands Bart the flashlight.

BART (CONT'D)

Here's a story that's really  
scarifying.

LISA

Oh, brother.

BART

I call it (LAUGH) "Bad Dream House."

Simultaneously, lightning flashes, thunder RUMBLES, and we

SUPERIMPOSE: "BAD DREAM HOUSE" IN SCARY, DRIPPING BLOOD  
LETTERING

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HUGE OLD HOUSE LIKE IN "THE SHINING" - DUSK

Moving vans are parked out front. Moving MEN are bringing empty dollies out of the house and putting them back in the vans.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF HOUSE

The furniture is in place but some pieces are still covered. There are boxes scattered around the room. HOMER and MARGE are watching the last of the boxes being unloaded. BART, LISA and MAGGIE are starting to open the boxes and unpack them.

MOVING MAN

That's all of it. Sign here.

Homer takes a clipboard from the moving man, signs the top sheet of paper and hands it back, along with a dollar.

HOMER

(GRANDLY) There you are, my man. And  
a dollar for yourself.

The moving man takes the dollar, looks at it briefly, gives Homer a long searching look.

MOVING MAN

A buck! I'm glad there's a curse on  
this place.

Moving Man exits.

HOMER

Huh? (TO FAMILY - SURVEYING THE ROOM)  
Well... it's all ours!

MARGE

I still can't believe how inexpensive  
it was.

HOMER

Motivated seller, Marge.

MARGE

Well, he certainly must have been  
motivated. Prime location, eighteen  
bedrooms, moat... we shouldn't be able  
to afford this.

HOMER

So we got a good deal for once. Quit  
fighting it.

MARGE

It just seems too good to be true.

Unseen by the family, some of the unpacked items begin  
repacking themselves. Low WEIRD MUSIC accompanies this.  
Marge opens a box, takes out some pots and pans and begin  
taking them into the kitchen. A book suddenly flies off  
the coffee table, SOARS across the room and HITS Lisa in  
the back of the neck.

LISA

Ow! Mom! Bart threw a magazine at me.

BART

Did not.

LISA

Did too.

BART

Did not.

LISA

Did too.

HOUSE (O.S.)

(DEEP MENACING VOICE) Get out!

Everyone stops what they're doing and look around.

MARGE

What on earth was that?

HOMER

(GUESSING) Oh, just the house  
settling.

MARGE

(UNSATISFIED MURMUR)

Marge carries her load of pots and pans into the kitchen as everyone else goes back to unpacking. The unpacked items are being replaced faster now.

INT. KITCHEN

Marge enters the kitchen and sets down the pots and pans. Blood is rolling down the walls of the otherwise cheery kitchen.

MARGE

(TO HERSELF) Hmmm. This kitchen  
certainly could use a woman's touch.

In the corner she sees a SWIRLING orange-green vortex.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(CALLING) Homer! What's this thing in  
the corner?

Homer ambles in, followed by Lisa. They both look at the vortex.



HOMER

Hmmm. Probably some kind of garbage disposal.

LISA

It looks like a vortex -- a gateway into another dimension.

HOMER

(DRYLY) Yeah, right. (LOOKS AT VORTEX) I wonder if it works.

Homer takes an orange out of a bag of groceries and tosses it underhand into the vortex. The orange seems to stop in mid-air when it reaches the vortex, then, accompanied by **SOFT WEIRD MUSIC** it stretches out until it is a horizontal line, rotates until it is a vertical line, closes up like a tape measure and vanishes.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Hey! Pretty slick!

With a vaguely **WEIRD COUGHING SOUND**, a small note comes out of the vortex and **PLOPS** onto the kitchen floor. Lisa picks it up curiously and reads it aloud.

LISA

(READING) "Quit throwing your garbage into our dimension."

Before anyone can comment on this, there is a terrific amount of **CRASHING** and **WHIRLING** noise coming from the living room.

BART (O.S.)

Mom! Dad! Help!

INT. LIVING ROOM

Marge, Homer and Lisa enter and stop dead in their tracks in amazement. Bart is backed up in a corner of the room. A lamp cord is floating in the air and has twisted itself around his neck. Blood is pouring down the walls, objects are flying out of their boxes and SMASHING around Bart's head. The doors are slowly BUCKLING in and out as if the house were breathing. Maggie GIGGLES as she floats through the air.

HOUSE (O.S.)

(SLOWLY, MORE MENACING) Get... Out!!!

HOMER

Okay boy, let's see you talk yourself  
out of this one.

Homer untangles Bart, while Marge catches Maggie. Lisa is standing quietly in the middle of the room, shivering a little.

LISA

(QUIETLY) I can feel an evil presence  
in this house.

MARGE

Evil!

HOMER

Quiet, Lisa. You're scaring your  
mother.

MARGE

Children, get your coats. We're  
leaving this house right now.

The family's coats float through the air to them and the front door opens invitingly.

HOMER

Now wait a minute, Marge. It's only natural there would be some things wrong with an old house like this. It's a fixer-upper. What's the problem? we get a bunch of priests in here...

MARGE

I'm not going to live in a house of evil just to save a few dollars.

HOMER

(GENUINELY OUTRAGED) Don't be so stubborn! We're not talking about a few dollars! We're talking about a few thousand dollars!

Homer SCREAMS as he is violently levitated upwards to the top of the ceiling.

HOMER (CONT'D)

It's got great high ceilings, and, oh, Marge, look at the beautiful craftsmanship on these moldings.

Homer SCREAMS as he drops to the ground with a THUD.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(GASPING) Tell you what -- let's sleep on it. Okay?

MARGE

All right. But if anything happens...

HOMER

What could happen?

MARGE

(UNCONVINCED MURMUR)

INT. BART'S ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Bart is laying in bed nervously listening.

HOUSE (O.S.)

They are all against you, Bart. You  
must kill them all. They all must die.

BART

Are you my conscience?

HOUSE (O.S.)

(BEAT) I... yes, I am.

INT. LISA'S ROOM

Lisa is slowly rising from her bed like a possessed person.  
She looks like one of the kids in "The Shining."

HOUSE (O.S.)

(SING-SONGY) Liiiii-saaa! Liii-saaa!

The butcher knife, Lisa.

Lisa takes a butcher knife out of the chest of drawers and  
tests its edge with her finger.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Homer comes out of his bedroom and begins walking slowly  
down the stairs. He is carrying an axe and looks like Jack  
Nicholson in "The Shining."

HOMER

(EVIL, TO HIMSELF) They are all  
against me! They all must die!

INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM

Maggie is sitting up in her crib, her head slowly spinning,  
SUCKING insanely on her pacifier.

**INT. KITCHEN**

Marge selects the largest carving knife out of a knife rack and turns to camera.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Homer is heading for the kitchen, his axe raised over his head.

HOMER

(SING-SONGY) Marge! Oh, Marge!

MARGE (O.S.)

(SING-SONGY) I'm in the kitchen,

Homer!

Homer hears a NOISE. Bart, Lisa and Maggie are all making their way across the hallway. Bart has a meat cleaver in his hand. Lisa is following him with a butcher knife. Maggie is crawling down after them, a penknife between her teeth like a baby pirate. Homer turns and begins stalking them. The four of them begin slowly circling each other.

CLOSE-UP - BART'S FACE AND RAISED MEAT CLEAVER

CLOSE-UP - LISA'S FACE AND RAISED BUTCHER KNIFE

CLOSE-UP - MAGGIE'S FACE AND RAISED PEN KNIFE

CLOSE-UP - HOMER'S FACE AND RAISED AXE

CLOSE-UP - MARGE'S FACE AND RAISED CARVING KNIFE

Marge strikes first, bringing the knife down savagely.

CUT WIDE

to show we are in kitchen and Marge is spreading mayonnaise on her bologna sandwich.

HOMER, BART, LISA, MAGGIE (O.S.)

(ALL CACKLE INSANELY)

Marge looks in the direction of the cackles.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Marge enters, eating her sandwich, just as the others are about to strike.

HOUSE (O.S.)

Die! Die! Everybody die!

MARGE

(SHOCKED) What's going on out here?

Homer! Bart! Lisa! Maggie! Stop it!

All four stop, turn to look at her. After a few seconds their faces relax and they look normal again. They look sheepishly at each other.

HOMER, BART, LISA

(TO EACH OTHER) Sorry... sorry, mom...

sorry Maggie... sorry Lisa.

HOMER, BART, LISA

(TO EACH OTHER) That's okay.

MARGE

That does it. Children, get dressed.

We're leaving.

HOMER

Aw, come on, Marge. You said you'd sleep on it. I don't care what I said. This family has had its differences, and we've squabbled, but we never had knife fights before... and I blame this house.

Lisa curiously opens what looks like a closet door and peers in.

LISA

Mom! Dad! Look!

LISA'S POV

There are steps leading down into the basement. The whole basement is filled with gravestones that say "Cochise", "Geronimo", "Sitting Bull", "Sacajawea", "Hiawatha" and "Pocahontas".

LISA (O.S.)

(HUSHED) It's an ancient Indian burial ground.

BART (O.S.)

Man, this place has got everything!

HOMER (O.S.)

(OUTRAGED) An ancient Indian what...?

NEW ANGLE

Homer strikes to the phone, DIALS.

HOMER

(INTO PHONE - SCREAMING) Mr. Ploot?  
Homer Simpson here. When you sold me this house you forgot to mention one little thing. You didn't you tell me it was built on an Indian burial ground. (BEAT - SCREAMS) No you didn't! (BEAT - SCREAMS) That's not my recollection... (BEAT, THEN BACKING DOWN) Yeah! Well... all right, goodbye. (HANGS UP PHONE) He says he mentioned it five or six times.

MARGE

Let's go, children.

HOMER

AW, GEE, MARGE. MARGE

(FIRMLY) Homer...

HOUSE (O.S.)

You will die, you will die slowly.

Your stomach will swell, your intestines  
will writhe and boil, your eyes will  
burst; and some horrible stuff,  
possibly your brains, will start coming  
out through your nose...

Marge is (MURMURING) through all the above dialogue.

MARGE

(INTERRUPTING) Shush!

HOUSE

Oh, you too will die a horrible  
death...

MARGE

(SCREAMING) Shut up! Quit trying to  
push us around. Stop saying those  
horrible things and show some manners.

HOUSE (O.S.)

(STUNNED SILENCE. LIGHT BREATHING)

Bart is staring at one of the walls with rapt interest.

MARGE

(TO HOMER) Look at me. I've never  
been so angry. My hands are shaking.



HOMER

Better than your eyes bursting. Ewww!

BART

(TO HOUSE) Do it again.

HOUSE (O.S.)

What?

BART

Make the walls bleed.

HOUSE (O.S.)

No.

BART

Hey, man. We own you. Let's see some blood.

HOUSE (O.S.)

I don't have to entertain you.

BART

Come on man, do it! Do the blood thing! Come on, do it! Do it! Do it! Do it! Do it! Do it! Do it!

Lisa is talking to another wall in the house.

LISA

Why are you trying to scare us? Are you trying to keep us from getting close to you... maybe even loving you?

HOUSE (O.S.)

Leave me alone.

MARGE

Don't talk to her like that.

HOUSE (O.S.)

Hey, listen lady...

MARGE

Oh, don't call me lady. My name is Marge Simpson, this is my family and we're not going anywhere. We're all going to have to live together, so you better get used to it... please.

HOUSE (O.S.)

Can I have a minute to think about this?

The front door opens. The Simpsons step out of the house.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE

HOUSE (O.S.)

Hmmm. Life with the Simpsons. What choice do I have>

House folds in on itself and **EXPLODES**

HOMER

Wow!

BART

Bitchin'!

LISA

It chose to destroy itself rather than live with us. You can't help but feel a little rejected.

The Simpsons turn and leave. We see spurts of flames behind them.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. TREE HOUSE

LISA

That wasn't scary at all, Bart.

Bart holds up small jewelry box.

BART

Oh, yeah? Well how about...

Bart opens the jewelry box revealing a bloody finger on a pad of cotton.

BART (CONT'D)

... this severed finger!

Maggie promptly removes her pacifier and pops the severed finger into her mouth. Bart snatches the finger back.

BART (CONT'D)

Eww, ewww, baby spit.

LISA

Heh... heh... heh.

BART

Well that last story was just a warm-up  
for this (MISPRONOUNCING) macabre tale,  
which I call, "Hungry Are The Damned."

SUPER IMPOSE: "HUNGRY ARE THE DAMNED" IN SCARY LETTERING

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. SIMPSON BACKYARD - NIGHT**

Homer, Marge, Maggie, Lisa, and Bart are in the back yard having a lovely summer barbecue. It is that special time of the evening just after sunset, where the stars are just beginning to peek out of the sky. The kids are playing tag on the lawn. Marge is setting a pretty wooden table while Homer sets up the portable barbecue. He wears an apron that says "Mafia Staff Apron." Flies BUZZ around the raw meat, Homer, Marge and everything else.

MARGE

Homer, all these flies.

HOMER

Not to worry. I'll just turn on the  
trusty bug zapper.

Homer turns on the bug zapper. Immediately there are many tiny ZAPS heard, followed by a long loud ZAP, a long tiny SCREAM, then a THUD..

HOMER (CONT'D)

Oooo! That was a big mama. Heh, heh.

Homer douses the charcoal with lighter fluid. He empties the can, and throws it aside.

HOMER (CONT'D)

That should just about do it. Man  
alive, there's nothing better than a  
hamburger grilled to perfection...

Homer strikes a match and throws it into the barbecue.

**LONG SHOT - CITY OF SPRINGFIELD**

In the peaceful twilight of Springfield, suddenly a large column of flame rises hundreds of feet into the air from the imperceptibly small Simpsons' house. The flame shrinks away as fast as it came.

**EXT. SIMPSON BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS**

BART

Cool man!

PAN to Lisa who is lying in the grass with a stalk of grass in her mouth. We hear an ominous HUM. Lisa looks up. Over Bart's head we see the ominous rolling clouds that encircle the sky a la Close Encounters. Bright lights, almost like stars, twinkle in the sky, but three of these lights move in rigid precision.

DOLLY - UP/ZOOM - OUT (SPIELBERG TRADE MARK SHOT) ON LISA

Lisa is bathed in a bright white light, and her mouth is open in wonderment. One by one the family joins her looking up in open mouth wonderment. After a beat, Homer joins them with a burger in his mouth.

HOMER

The burgers are getting cold, guys.

(LOOKING UP) Holy moly.

Homer, stunned, unconsciously takes another bite of his burger. There is barbecue sauce on his chin. Suddenly a tractor beam hooks on to Lisa. She SCREAMS as it pulls her up into the ship. The beam quickly gets Bart, who SCREAMS, Maggie, then Marge, who also SCREAMS. The beam starts to lift Homer but stalls. The beam starts to lift Homer but stalls. The beam repeats this action. Then a second beam hooks on to him and struggles to lift him into the ship. The ship takes off.

INT. SPACE CRAFT - TIME IS RELATIVE

The frightened Simpson family huddles together in a corner of a barren steel room. Suddenly, a steel door rises up and reveals an ALIEN with blue/green skin and black blotches. The alien is nine feet tall, and it's head composes half it's body. It has a large gaping mouth with very sharp teeth, three noses, and one giant eye, heavily lidded, in the middle of his head. It wears a large see through helmet, and slithers out on it's many tentacles leaving a trail of ooze wherever it goes. The aliens constantly drool in the presence of humans. The Simpsons STUTTER petrified in horror.

KANG

Greetings Earthlings, I am Kang. Do not be frightened. We mean you no harm.

MARGE

You... you speak English.

KANG

I am actually speaking Rigelian. By an astonishing coincidence, both of our languages are exactly the same.

BART

Well, what are you gonna do with us, man?

KANG

Kodos (INDICATES OTHER ALIEN) and I are taking you to Rigel Four. A world of infinite delights to tantalize your senses and challenge your intellectual limitations...

LISA

Look, I know that to you we Simpsons are a lower order of life. We face that prejudice every day of our lives, but we are happy on our little planet. We throw ourselves on your mercy. Please return us to...

HOMER

Hey! Get a load of that spread.

Kang CLAPS his tentacles. SERAK THE PREPARER enters pushing a floating food tray which is laden with such a spread.

SERAK THE PREPARER

Here you go, earthlings. Take all you want but eat all you take.

MARGE

Well, thank you very much, Mr....?

SERAK THE PREPARER

To pronouce it correctly, I would have to pull out your tongue.

MARGE

Ewww.

The Simpsons start to eat.

LISA

Fried shrimp.

HOMER

Smothered pork chops.

BART

Sloppy Joes!

MARGE

(GASPS) Look, Homer! Radish rosettes.

These are hard to make. They are a very advanced race.

KANG

Come Earthlings, eat. Grow large with food.

The Simpsons chow down.



LISA

There's something not quite right about this.

HOMER

The girl's right. Let's get some applesauce out here for these pork chops.

The aliens scramble to get some applesauce as the Simpsons begin shoveling in the food.

HOMER

What are you lookin' at, buddy?

SERAK THE PREPARER

Your wife is quite a... dish.

HOMER

(PLEASED) Oooh, thanks.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPACE CRAFT - LATER

An unhappy Lisa Simpson stares out on to the beautiful expanse of space. Saturn and its moons are prominent in the view. PAN over to the rest of the Simpsons watching a wall-size television.

KANG

It's our great pleasure to provide you with unlimited entertainment on your intergalactic journey. On this cable system we receive over one million channels from the furthest reaches of the galaxy.

BART

Do you get HBO?

KANG

No, that would cost extra.

Kang walks the family over to an oversized video screen. There is a control board with two knobs. We HEAR the game being played.

KANG (CONT'D)

And over here is our crowning  
achievement in amusement technology.  
An electronic version of what you call  
table tennis. Your primitive paddles  
have been replaced by an electronic...

BART

(DISGUSTED) Hey, that's just Pong!  
Get with the times, man.

HOMER

Marge and I played that old game before  
we were married.

KANG

(DEFENSIVELY) Well, we did build this  
space ship, you know?

KODOS

Anyone from a species that has mastered  
intergalactic travel, raise your hand.

All the aliens raise a tentacle while the Simpsons look  
sheepish.

KODOS

All right, then.

MARGE

(APOLOGETIC) Sorry. Your game is very nice.

A pleasant TONE sounds and Serak the Preparer and Kodos rolls out a futuristic, scientific, floating food tray.

KODOS

Dinner time.

LISA

Hey, how come we never see you guys eat?

KANG

(OMINOUSLY) Oh, we wouldn't want to spoil our appetite for... the great feast when we land on Rigel Four.

HOMER

Oooh, a feast.

MARGE

Will we be invited?

KANG

(ARCHLY) Oh, you'll be at the feast. I have a feeling you'll be the guests of honor.

The aliens SNICKER.

HOMER

Tell us more about this feast.

KANG

No, no, eat now.

SERAK THE PREPARER

When we arrive, there will be plenty of  
time to (OMINIOUSLY) chew the fat.

Other aliens LAUGH insidiously.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPACE SHIP - LATER

Several slobbering aliens are observing as the Simpsons  
step up to a giant scale with alien measurements on it.  
Bart steps up and sends a needle bouncing up the scale.

KANG

Very good, earth boy.

The aliens MURMUR. Homer steps up to the scale and sends  
the needle reeling. All the aliens start to drool  
uncontrollably and express great joy.

KANG (CONT'D)

Excellent, Mr. Simpson. Excellent.

INT. SPACE SHIP - HALLWAY

Lisa scurries down space ship walkway suspiciously peering  
into many doorways she passes until she stops when comes  
upon a futuristic kitchen.

INT. SPACESHIP GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Lisa peers in. She sees the many hands of Serak The  
Preparer putting the final touches into a pot of sauce. He  
keeps referring to a large book with one of his tentacles.

SERAK THE PREPARER

(ARCH) This will give the humans the  
perfect flavor.

He shuts the book, licks his razor sharp teeth, and drools  
as he takes the sauce away. Lisa, left alone, runs up to  
the book and reads the title: "HOW TO COOK HUMANS."  
Suddenly a horrified look comes over Lisa.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPACE SHIP - LATER

Homer, Bart, Marge, and Maggie are about to dig into a large bowl off spaghetti with loaves of fresh steaming garlic bread and a jug of wine. An alien is off to the side **PLAYING** a **MANDOLIN**. Kang and Serak The Preparer look on with drooling anticipation when Lisa runs in screaming.

LISA

Stop!

The Simpsons drop their forks. The alien **STOPS PLAYING**.

LISA (CONT'D)

Don't you see what's happening here?

They're fattening us up so they can eat

us.

The Simpsons (except Lisa) **AD LIB**: "Don't be ridiculous," "Lisa, you and your imagination," "What are you talking about?"

LISA (CONT'D)

If you don't believe me, look at this

book I found.

The family quickly glances up at the book.

HOMER

(GASPS) Doh! Marge, she's right.

Kang walks in.

KANG

(CONCERNED) Humans, you have stopped eating.

HOMER

Listen, you big stupid space creature.

Nobody, but nobody eats the Simpsons.

KANG

I beg your pardon.

HOMER

Don't play dumb with me. We found your book.

KANG

You mean this? (HOLDS UP BOOK) It's a harmless cookbook. It's just a little dusty.

Kang grabs the book and blows off some dust revealing the title: "HOW TO COOK FOR HUMANS." The Simpsons are relieved.

LISA

Wait a minute!

Lisa runs up to the book and blows some more dust off the book, revealing a newer title: 'HOW TO COOK FORTY HUMANS.'

LISA (CONT'D)

Aha!

The Simpsons react in horror again.

KANG

Wait, there's still more space dust on here.

Kang blows off the last bit of dust to reveal the actual title: "HOW TO COOK FOR FORTY HUMANS."

KANG

(UTTER DISBELIEF) Let me get this straight. You thought...

KODOS

(ANGRY) They thought we were going to eat them.

KANG

(APPALLED) Good God! Is this some kind of joke?

KODOS

No, they're serious...

LISA

Well, why were you trying to make us eat all the time?

KANG

Make you eat? We merely provided a sumptuous banquet and, frankly, you people made pigs of yourself.

SERAK THE PREPARER

I slaved in the kitchen for days for you people and...

Serak the Preparer breaks down into TEARS. Kang comforts him with two of his tentacles.

KANG

(SARCASTIC) Well, if you wanted to make Serak the Preparer cry, mission accomplished.

SERAK THE PREPARER

(VOICE QUIVERING) You aren't the only beings who have emotions you know.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACKYARD

The spaceship quickly lands. The hatch pops open. The Simpsons and the alieans gather in the doorway.

KANG

We offered you paradise. You would have experienced emotions a hundred times greater than what you call love, and a thousand times greater than what you call fun. You would have been treated like gods and lived forever in beauty. But, now because of your distrustful nature, that can never be.

MARGE

(MURMURS) For a superior race, they really rub it in.

Homer sticks out his hand to shake.

HOMER

What do you say, no hard feelings?

SERAK THE PREPARER

(BITTERLY) Are you sure you want to give me your hand? I might eat it.

KANG

Good riddance, humans.

The Simpsons are pushed out the hatch. The aliens slither into the ship and the hatch closes. We see the spaceship as it floats off into the far reaches of space.

LISA

There were monsters on that ship. And truly we were them.



MARGE

Lisa, see what we mean when we say  
you're too smart for your own good?

BART

Way to go, Lis.

HOMER

Yeah, thanks Lisa.

Marge GRUMBLES.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. TREE HOUSE

Bart is standing half in, half out of the doorway of the treehouse. A hand from outside the treehouse seems to be strangling Bart. Bart is making **STRANGLING** noises. He gets no response.

BART

Hello, something scary happening.

Still no response. Makes more **STRANGLING** noises.

BART (CONT'D)

Hey, Poindexter. It's Halloween, put  
the book away.

Again, no response. Bart stops strangling himself and crosses over to Lisa who is thumbing through a book.

LISA

For your information, I'm about to read  
you a classic tale of terror by Edgar  
Allan Poe.

BART

Wait a minute. That's a schoolbook.

LISA

Don't worry, Bart. You won't learn  
anything.

LISA

It's called, "The Raven."

SUPERIMPOSE: "THE RAVEN" IN SCARY LETTERING

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHAMBER - NIGHT

Homer, in a velvet smoking jacket and slippers is reading at a large antique desk. His book is illuminated by a kerosene lamp. A dying fire in the hearth throws long, flickering **SHADOWS** around the room. During the following speech, Homer nods off hitting the book with a **THUD**!

LISA

Once upon a midnight dreary,

LISA/V.O.

while I pondered, weak and weary,

V.O.

Over many a quaint and curious volume  
of forgotten lore -- While I nodded,  
nearly napping, suddenly there came a  
tapping,

We hear a **TAP**. Homer awakes with a start.

HOMER

Huh?

V.O.

As of someone gently rapping, rapping  
at my chamber door.

HOMER

(DISMISSING) 'Tis some visitor,

V.O.

I muttered,

HOMER

-- tapping at my chamber door -- Only  
this and nothing more.

Homer looks around suspiciously.

V.O.

Ah, distinctly I remember. It was in  
the bleak December, And each separate  
dying ember wrought its ghost upon the  
floor. Eagerly I wished the morrow; --  
vainly I had sought to borrow from my  
books surcease of sorrow:

Homer **SNIFFS** sadly. Following his look, we PAN OVER to a  
portrait of "Lenore" (who looks like Marge) in a gilded  
frame. We PAN UP the portrait revealing that Lenore has a  
lot of hair, in fact the portrait is three feet wide and  
twelve feet tall to accommodate it.

**BACK TO HOMER**

He wipes away a tear.

HOMER

Oh, Lenore.

V.O.

-- sorrow for the lost Lenore -- For  
the rare and radiant maiden whom the  
angels name Lenore -- Nameless here for  
evermore.

The curtains behind Homer slowly **OPEN**.

HOMER

Aag!

Homer dives under the desk.

V.O.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling  
of each purple curtain thrilled me --  
filled me with fantastic terrors never  
felt before; So that now, to still the  
beating of my heart, I stood repeating;

HOMER

(TERRIFIED, CHANTING RAPIDLY) 'Tis  
some visitor entreating entrance at my  
chamber door -- This it is and nothing  
more.

V.O.

Presently my soul grew stronger;  
hesitating then no longer;  
Still frightened, Homer crosses on tiptoe to the door.

HOMER

(NERVOUSLY AND OBSEQUIOUSLY) Sir --

V.O.

-- said I --

HOMER

-- or Madam, truly your forgiveness I  
implore; But the fact is I was napping,  
and so gently you came rapping, And so  
faintly you came tapping, tapping at my  
chamber door, That I scarce was sure I  
heard you.

V.O.

Here I opened wide the door; --

Homer **THROWS OPEN** the door. Immediately he **MOANS** and covers his eyes. After a beat, he peeks through his fingers.

**HOMER'S POV**

There's nothing there.

V.O. (CONT'D)

Darkness there and nothing more.

Homer **SLAMS** the door shut and turns back inside.

V.O. (CONT'D)

Back into the chamber turning, all my  
soul within me burning, Soon again I  
heard a tapping something louder than  
before.

We **HEAR** a series of **BOOMING THUDS**. Homer's eyes widen.

HOMER

(SHRIEKS) Surely --

V.O.

-- said I --

HOMER

-- surely that is something at my  
window lattice; Let me see, then, what  
thereat is, and this mystery explore --  
'Tis the wind and nothing more.

Homer **FLINGS OPEN** the window. A **RAVEN** with an uncanny resemblance to Bart in appearance and voice and size, is there. Homer's nervous expression turns to confusion.

HOMER

Wha--?

The Raven blinks twice, then jauntily struts in and hops up onto a bust of Pallas just above the chamber door.

V.O.

Open here I flung the shutter, when,  
with many a flirt and flutter, In there  
stepped a stately Raven of the saintly  
days of yore. Not the least obeisance  
made he; not a minute stopped or stayed  
he, But, with mien of lord or lady,  
perched above my chamber door --  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just  
above my chamber door -- Perched, and  
sat, and nothing more.

Homer and the Raven exchange looks. Homer smiles.

V.O. (CONT'D)

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad  
fancy into smiling, By the grave and  
stern decorum of the countenance it  
wore,

HOMER

(CHUCKLES, THEN FRIENDLY) Though thy  
crest be shorn and shaven, thou --

V.O.

I said --

HOMER

-- art sure no craven, Ghastly grim and  
ancient Raven wandering from the  
Nightly shore -- Tell me... tell me  
what thy lordly name is on the Night's  
Plutonian shore!

V.O.

Quoth the Raven,

RAVEN

Nevermore.

Homer **SCREAMS** again. He looks around, then does a double  
take as he realizes the bird has spoken. Homer **SNIFFS** as  
the room gets smoky. In the b.g., unseen by Homer, some  
Seraphim (who resemble Lisa and Maggie) cross through  
quickly. They are swinging a censer. **SFX: SUCKING.**

V.O.

Then, methought, the air grew denser,  
perfumed by some unseen censer, Swung  
by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on  
the tufted floor.

HOMER

(PLEADING) Wretch --

V.O.

I cried --

HOMER

-- thy God hath lent thee -- by these  
angels he hath sent thee. (GETTING  
TEARY) Respite -- respite and  
(MISPRONCING) nepenthe...



V.O.

(CORRECTING) Nepenthe.

HOMER

Huh?

V.O.

Nepenthe -- in Greek mythology, a drug  
thought to cure sorrow.

HOMER

Oh, okay. Respite and nepenthe from  
thy memories of Lenore! Quaff, oh  
quaff this kind nepenthe and forget  
this lost Lenore!

V.O.

Quoth the Raven,

RAVEN

Nevermore.

HOMER

(ANOTHER ANNOYED GRUNT, THEN) Be that  
word our sign of parting, bird or  
fiend!

V.O.

I shrieked of starting,

HOMER

Get thee back into the tempest and the  
Night's Plutonian shore! Leave no  
black plume as a token of the lie thy  
soul hath spoken! Leave my loneliness  
unbroken! -- quit the bust above my  
door! Take thy beak from out my heart,  
and take thy form from off my door!

V.O.

Quoth the Raven,

RAVEN

Nevermore.

HOMER

Why you little --!

Homer grabs for the Raven, who bolts from his perch. He chases the Raven around the desk. He leaps for the Raven, misses, and lands on the rolling cushioned seat. His momentum rolls him into a wall of bookshelves which he hits, head first with a loud **THUD**. One by one books drop from the shelves hitting Homer's head with accompanying "**OUCHES**". Finally he slides off the chair onto the floor.

**CLOSE-UP - RAVEN**

We slowly **PULL OUT** and **DROP DOWN** to Homer, lying amid the books on the floor in the Raven's shadow. He is staring vacantly up at the ceiling, damned.

V.O.

And the Raven, never flitting, still is  
sitting, still is sitting, On the  
pallid bust of Pallas just above my  
chamber door; And his eyes have all the  
seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,  
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming  
throws his shadow on the floor; And my  
soul from out that shadow that lies  
floating on the floor, Shall be lifted  
-- nevermore!

BACK TO RAVEN

The Raven smiles mischievously.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TREE HOUSE

Bart, Maggie and Lisa, sitting on the floor. Lisa closes the book.

BART

Lisa, that wasn't scary. Not even for  
a poem.

LISA

Well, it was written in 1845. Maybe  
people were easier to scare at that  
time.

BART

Yeah, like when you look at "Friday The  
13th, Part I," it's pretty tame by  
today's standards.

MARGE (V.O.)

Children, bedtime.

BART

I guess I'll have no trouble getting to  
sleep tonight.

The kids exit the treehouse. We follow them out and down  
the ladder. They do not see Homer who is sitting on a tree  
branch looking petrified and **BREATHING HEAVILY**.

**INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM**

Maggie is asleep.

**INT. LISA'S ROOM**

Lisa is asleep.

**INT. BART'S ROOM**

Bart is asleep.

**INT. MARGE & HOMER'S ROOM**

Marge and Homer are in bed.

HOMER

Oh no, Marge. Come on, please.

MARGE

Homer, I am not sleeping with the  
lights on. They're just children's  
stories. They can't hurt you.

Marge reaches over and turns the lights off.

We see Marge's eyes close. Homer's eyes are open wide with  
a terrified look.

Homer continues **SHUDDERING** as we

DISSOLVE TO: